

The Evening World.

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WHERE THE BLAME RESTS.

IF THE Congress of the United States establishes in the person of the Secretary of Agriculture a National Food Dictator with power to license and regulate food manufacturers, dealers, distributors, storage men and food-handlers of all classes the reason for such drastic action is plain. The blame for conditions which make it imperative can be squarely placed.

If anybody protests that dictatorships are un-American the answer is that looting is also un-American, that profiteering and price-boosting at a time of national peril are un-American and that American fighters in the field and American war-workers at home must be protected by the readiest and surest means at hand against exploitation and extortion.

While the country has been steadying itself for the tasks and responsibilities of war the food speculators have shamelessly gone on with their game.

It is they who compel Congress to act. It is they who force a food dictatorship upon the nation.

"The happiness of Ireland," Lord Northcliffe declares, "is entirely in the hands of Mr. Balfour and the British Mission in the United States."

Since it happens the aforesaid hands are just now joined with those of the American people a happy Ireland is a pretty safe bet.

TOO MUCH TO EXPECT?

IN SO FAR as State Governments can help to meet and solve food problems they should be doing so.

New York State ought to be setting the pace with immediate, practical steps to curb food speculation and price boosting within the reach of its authority.

It is all very well for representatives of State Food Boards to confer at Washington with a view to more investigations.

But the enterprising State is the State that leads inquiry by the shortest possible route to action.

Pennsylvania has passed a bill giving municipal authorities power to fix the price of common articles of food.

In the meantime the best a New York Legislature can do is to evolve the Wicks bill which provides for an expensive, elaborately organized investigation, the belated results of which must be handed to another Legislature before action can be even hoped for.

Surely the Empire State can do better than that.

Instead of muddling away more time over the Wicks measure, why doesn't the present Legislature at Albany bestir itself during the few remaining days of the session and do something quick, definite and convincing toward relieving the food situation and preparing for war conditions in this State?

Is it too much for New York to expect of its lawmakers at such a moment?

To-day, for the first time in years, Labor in the United States gathers round a May Pole that has no strike notices nailed to it.

ONE OF THE BRAKES.

IN TRYING to make it clear why a road whose operating earnings for the past year increased over ten and a quarter millions of dollars should be facing more stock juggling or a receivership, the Bridgeport Farmer points out, for the "information of those singular persons who continue to suppose that the New Haven was looted by Government regulation instead of by the sins and follies of its management," the following list of subsidiary deficits:

The New York, Westchester and Boston Railway Company had a deficit for the year of \$1,543,249. It shows an accumulated deficit of \$6,555,508.

The Berkshire Street Railway Company has a 1916 deficit of \$129,480. The total deficit is \$688,899.

The New York and Stamford Railway Company has a 1916 deficit of \$33,082. Total, \$104,804.

Westchester Street Railway Company 1916 deficit, \$38,378. Total, \$111,378.

The New England Steamship Company, 1916, \$27,910. Total, \$936,127.

The New England Navigation Company had \$28,942 in 1916, but has a total deficit of \$1,911,691.

The Millbrook Company has a 1916 deficit of \$213,923. Total, \$926,770.

This accumulated deficit of over eleven millions incurred because of "subsidiaries extravagantly acquired and wastefully used," together with the quantities of scrapped engines, shows plainly one of the brakes on the wheels of the New Haven's prosperity.

Letters From the People

Why the Price of Ice is Boosted.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Mr. Oler of the Knickerbocker Ice justifies an increase in the price of ice to small consumers by an increase in the cost of soft coal used in the manufacture of artificial ice. Artificial ice is made because the ice companies can manufacture it for less than the cost of cutting river ice. River ice plenty was harvested during the past winter, enough to supply New York. No argument is too weak nowadays as an excuse to gouge the consumer. When will the Legislature fix the maximum price on such articles of general consumption?
OVERDONE.

Citizenship Puzzle.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
My father came here from Russia fifteen years ago. He has two sons, one eighteen years and the other twenty, who also came from Russia at the same time. He just took out the first papers a week ago. Will you let me know if the sons are included

In the father's papers, or must they take out separate papers?
How long must he wait until he can get his other papers? G. F. M.
Minor children automatically become citizens through the naturalization of their parents. As it is necessary for the father in this case to wait two years before obtaining his final papers—the eldest son will then be of age and must act on his own account. He can apply for first papers now. The younger son will be naturalized with his father if the latter takes out papers before his second son is twenty-one.
It is valued at \$2.50.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly let me know the value of a \$4 gold piece minted 1860. M. A. S.
No German Can Apply for Papers Until After War.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I came to this country in 1902 from Germany and have resided in New York State for seventeen years. Must I take out first papers to become a citizen?
T. F. W.

Play Ball!

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By J. H. Cassel



J. H. Cassel

How I Helped My Husband

You Can't Know Too Much About Your Business.

FRANK could not even wait to take off his overcoat before coming out into the kitchen to tell me the great news. The old man—that's what we call Mr. Blank behind his back—had sent for him to come to his private office and had made him assistant silk buyer. I don't think anything ever made me feel so good in my life as when Frank said, "I should never have made it in the world, old girl, if you hadn't been as interested in my job as I am myself."

And this was all because of an article that I read in the newspaper. It meant a substantial raise in salary, of course, but best of all it meant that what we both had been working for was in a fair way to be fulfilled.

I was at the perfume counter before I married Frank, and when we became engaged he told me that his ambition was to be made one of the buyers. He was a silk salesman then, and I could not see that he had any more chance of getting such a place than fifty other men in the store, but I made up my mind that if there was any way in which I could help him I was going to do so. Of course I tried to make him as comfortable as I could, to live within his salary, to have as good a dinner as I could cook ready for him when he came home at night and to save a dollar or two now and then. But I was not satisfied with this, and the newspaper article gave me an idea. It was about a famous dry goods merchant who said that when he was a young salesman he defied anybody to ask him any question about the goods he sold that he could not answer.

The next day I went to the library and asked the librarian where I could get any information about silk. She referred me to magazine articles, encyclopedias and books. There was so much that I didn't know where to begin, but I made some notes and read them to Frank that evening, as I knew that he had no time to look up such things himself. He laughed at most of them, but one or two interested him and he asked me to get more on the subject.

Frank himself studied his stock more carefully than he had ever thought of doing before, talked with the buyer about it and even wrote to the silk manufacturers for still more points and also got advertising literature on the subject. I looked over fashion books to find suggestions for various new ways for using

silk, thinking perhaps the information might be useful.

All this was three years ago. Of course we did not talk silk every evening, but it is surprising how interested you get in even a dry subject once you make up your mind to learn all about it. At first all this new information did not seem to help Frank very much, but after awhile he told me he thought his sales were picking up, and then one day he said that a cranky customer had asked the sales manager to have the young man wait on her who knew all about silk.

And oh, did I tell you that when Mr. Blank made Frank buyer he said he did it because Frank was "keenly interested in his work and had a surprising amount of technical information."

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

BY THIS time the "slackers" who rushed into marriage in order to avoid going to war are probably wondering if they merely dodged a "bliver" in order to run under a trolley.

Love is what makes a girl lie awake half the night trying to remember just "what HE said" and the other half trying to figure out what he "meant by it."

It is utterly foolish to try to straighten out a misunderstanding before breakfast, when a man's thoughts are as scrambled as the eggs and a woman's nerves are as lumpy as the coffee.

Oh, yes, the feminine waistline has entirely disappeared. What is the use of a girl bothering to keep a waistline in these unromantic days, when no man appears to have any interest in the matter?

Even the most confirmed bachelor girl is paradoxical enough to keep a "hope chest" hidden away somewhere in the attic "just in case."

There are just three ways in which a woman can get a man's salary. She can take it from him by main force when he brings home his pay envelope—the "hold-up" method; she can lure it from him with a good dinner, a kiss and a pout—the "badger game"; or she can get it by going through his pockets while he sleeps—the "second story act."

A sportsman is a man who stakes his whole heart on one big love; a sentimental slacker is one who cries "Safety first!" and divides his up into a hundred little imitation loves.

The love that comes in a glass or a bottle is the kind that soon evaporates.

Breakfast is the curse of matrimony. If it were not for that sad matutinal hour, when a woman looks like a witch and a man feels like an ogre, husbands and wives might never see the scary side of each other's dispositions and complexions.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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ANOTHER raucous newswhirl had gone roaring down the street shouting "Wuxtra! Wuxtra! Wuxtra!"

All about the Wawwarra! Wuxtra! Wuxtra! and Mrs. Jarr pulled her in the window with a sigh.

"I don't know whether it's a submarine sunk something or something has sunk a submarine!" she remarked. "But everybody says we'll all starve to death if we are not bombed, and I'm sure I don't know what's to become of us anyway, the way shoes and everything to eat keeps going up."

"Instead of everybody being happy and content,"

If you're waking call me early. Call me early, mother dear.

For to-morrow is the merriest day Of all the glad new year.

I forget the rest except the part where it says

For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother.

I'm to be Queen of the May!

"I only know I recited it at school at May Day exercises and was so scared I forgot half of it, and I had a new white dress and my first pair of white kid shoes and a blue sash, and I commenced to cry and they had to lead me off the platform sobbing hysterically, but we never know how happy we are as children, I'm sure!"

Mr. Jarr, who had been a puzzled listener, knew when she paused he was due to respond, so he remarked gravely, "Very true, my dear, very true! Let us hope that the next first of May we will all be blithe and gay. As for me, the first of any month only means 'please remit!'"

"That reminds me, the mail is very late to day, I wonder if the bell is out of order," said Mrs. Jarr.

"I guess the mailman is late on account of the monthly statement—'please remit!'" observed Mr. Jarr gloomily.

But Mr. Jarr was wrong, the janitor cleaning the brass work had knocked the name plate out of the Jarr letterbox, and the postman was new to the route. He stood puzzled in the vestibule holding a registered letter.

"Does a party by the name of Jarr live here?" asked the postman holding up the registered letter.

Alfred, the janitor, paused at his polishing. "Let me see it," he said. "Is there any cuss in it?"

"Don't be so nosy!" replied the mail man. "Answer me, does Edward Jarr live at this address?"

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Kittingly, the fair divorcee, who lived on the

Fifty Failures Who Came Back

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 26—ZACHARY TAYLOR, the "Failure" Who Became National Hero.

A GRIZZLED old man, clad in trousers and undershirt, sat at his tent door on the early morning of Washington's Birthday, 1848, scraping away with a dull razor at his three-day stubble of gray bristles.

The old man was Zachary Taylor—farmer, Indian fighter, military genius. He was a failure. Not through any fault of his own, but because the Administration at Washington had decided to make a failure of him.

When, in 1846, a clash had come between the United States and Mexico the Administration had believed the war would prove unpopular. Also, that James K. Polk, the President, would be censured for starting it. A scapegoat was needed to lift the blame from the Administration and put it, if possible, on the opposing political party, the Whigs.

So Gen. Zachary Taylor—a staunch Whig—was picked out to lead a handful of United States troops to the Mexican border. Trouble was certain to start as soon as he should arrive at that hornet's nest of ill feelings. And Taylor, not the Administration, would receive the blame.

But old Zachary was too shrewd an Indian fighter to be caught in such a political ambush. He halted, refusing to move his men another inch forward without direct commands from Washington. The President, his hand thus forced, reluctantly ordered Taylor to go ahead. Which Taylor very promptly did.

He not only went ahead, but he achieved many victories. With his little army he thrashed every Mexican force sent to oppose him. Always fighting an enemy that greatly outnumbered his own army, he ploughed his way straight toward the heart of Mexico.

By this time Taylor's gallant and victorious fight against fearful odds began to arouse the admiration of the whole country. The war against Mexico became as popular as it had threatened to be unpopular. And an anti-Administration man was winning all the glory.

President Polk tried to atone for his first blunder by removing Taylor from command and sending Gen. Scott with a much larger and more spectacular army to finish the war.

Scott stripped Taylor of all his best officers and men, leaving him with only a tattered remnant of his former force.

With this remnant—5,400 men, most of whom were raw recruits—Taylor camped on a mountain farm known as Buena Vista. And here, presently, he was surrounded by more than 20,000 Mexicans under Gen. Santa Anna.

The old warrior was a failure. A lesser man had been sent to snatch the laurels that were rightly his. The Administration had snubbed him and had cut short his career of triumph. And now an overwhelming Mexican army was about to engulf him. It was enough to break the strongest spirit.

Up to Taylor's tent through the rain galloped a dapper Mexican staff officer, who in Santa Anna's name demanded Taylor's surrender.

"Let him come and take me!" grunted Taylor, continuing to scrape his stubbly chin.

The Mexicans closed in. For two days the Battle of Buena Vista raged.

The little American army seemed doomed to destruction. But Taylor fought on. His raw recruits, under his masterly generalship, held their ground against foes that outnumbered them by four to one.

Gen. Taylor has been defeated no less than three times to-day, commented one of his officers to another.

"Yes," dryly agreed the second officer. "But he doesn't know it."

Under cover of night, on the 23d of February, the Mexican army reeled back in utter defeat, all but annihilated by Taylor's brave militiamen.

The man who "had been beaten three times and didn't know it" returned to the United States to find himself a national hero. The Administration's efforts to ruin him proved to be the Administration's own downfall. For at the next Presidential election the tide of popular favor swept Taylor into the White House.

The old man was disgusted at his own election to the Presidency. He declared it was a conspiracy to keep him from enjoying his last years in comfort on his farm.

Brains Are the Big Asset

In a Soldier's Make-Up

THE man of frail body and keen mind is a better soldier than the big, strong fellow of dull brain. That is the conclusion of France's war chiefs after almost three years of observation. The six-footers, having 200 pounds of brawn, may look more impressive in uniform, but the very chaps with a quick mentality is the better fighting man, experience would seem to prove.

That does not mean, of course, that all men of frail build are smart, or that all the big fellows are dull. It is merely a general standard by which soldiers can be measured, and should be a source of comfort to thousands of men who are possessed of excellent mental equipment, but who have felt that they were poorly endowed by nature for the rough business of soldiering.

Life in the trenches has shown that the man who can think will most quickly adapt himself to his circumstances, and not only endeavor to make the best of them, but to improve his condition, which is the important thing. He also bears up better under an intense fire, close observation. This is explained on the theory that men given to thought are able to lay hold of pleasant images from the past, or bright hopes for the future, and turn their thoughts away from the horror of the present. But the man of brute strength and small mental powers is inclined to let his trench go as he found it, and to rail against fate instead of striving to pump out the water and make himself an underground home. And when the supreme moment comes blind fear has been found to assail those of low intelligence much quicker than the men of intellect. The nearer a soldier is to the animal, say the psychologists of war, the more inclined he is to be a victim of cowardice. It is the primitive instinct to run rather than fight which distinguishes all except a very few animals. But like the

registered letter? Dear me! there always had been a legal paper to a registered letter. I wouldn't touch one for the world!"

"I knew an old lady who dropped dead, croaked right on the spot, when she got a registered letter telling her son was hung on Illinois," said the janitor.

The postman, in despair, blew his whistle, and Mr. Jarr came down, identified himself, signed the little red card and took the letter upstairs.

"Well, he might have opened it and told us what was in it!" said the lady on the first floor, "and after all the trouble we took, I hope it ain't nothing particular."

Some wishes come true. It was only a request for \$10 for a war fund, sent out registered to hasten re- sponses.

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